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PROLOGUE.

Arouse! Colossal Mystery, impassive, stern, and grand.
Wake!—from a world's-life sleep; brush off thy centuries of sand.
On thy old crones, the Pyramids, bestow a parting hug,
(Thou'rt famed for squeezing!) and deport thy weather-beaten mug
Forth from the land where thou hast lain, a thing of myth and might,
Whilst hecatombs of empires vast have perished from the sight;
Out from the land of Egypt, of Nile's imperial flood,
The birthplace of the cunning arts which through all times have stood.
Thence! for all coetaneous things have ages passed away,—
Sculptors and painters, architects and modellers in clay;
Pharaohs, and Priests, and Conjurors, and every royal lass,
From Chofo's queen to she who made Marc Antony an ass.
The Persian, Grecian, Roman hordes, who shocked thy placid gaze,
To Hades long ago have ta'en their various evil ways;
And naught save vagrant Arabs and a Cockney snob or two
Present their insignificance to break thy wearied view.
Straightway towards Cottonopolis thy mighty steps incline,
To keep in countenance some scribes who have elected thine
The symbol of their enterprise.
The gracious right acquired,
By that thou art the emblem of—their aims shall be inspired!
A grander riddle they would help to solve than that "old Joe"
Which filled Bœtian block-heads with unimagined woe.
No Œdipus off-handedly, this mystery may assay,
The deepest guess but fathoms it a very little way.
'Tis a knot of Paradoxes, strange almost beyond belief,
Such as despondent Mirthfulness, and glad exultant Grief;
Vain Diffidence, and cowering Pride, and fiercely fawning ways,
Forgiving Hatred, Love that kills, and Friendship that betrays,
And hopeless Hope, and laughing Care, and Cowardice that dares,
Unkindliness endearing, Benevolence that scares,
And Fun, the very quiddity of grave and solemn thought,
And shallow Seriousness, and things that are and are but naught;
Falsehoods engarbed like Truth, and Greed masked in a bounteous show,
And many more which, on the thought, in quick succession grow.
It was e'er thee. And thou to dark Oblivion shalt be hurled,
And it remain—a riddle still—this mighty, little World.

Thou sign of intellect and strength—thou relic of a day,
So far removed it seems to hold e'en Time itself at bay,
Say,—shall these daring scribes obtain from Memnon, the divine,
In his weird, magic monotone, an acquiescent sign,—
That they may fight for truth, and hold thy Sphinxship's fair good will?
Thou can'st not nod! Thy neck is cricked with so long sitting still!

One word of explanation before our Prologue ends.
We hope our dearest enemies, as well as bitterest friends,
Have found our introduction is a kind of half-and-half
And seasonable compound of seriousness and chaff.
We seemed, in deferential mood, the Sphinx's leave to claim,
Intending, all the while, to use its antiquated name:
It likes us much—means anything—our title-page well fills,
And will be a good endorsement upon our little bills;
A work of greater usefulness we have for it designed,
Than proposing abstruse posers to mystify mankind;
As a popular instructor, admonitor, and guide,
With our best and worthiest efforts the Sphinx must be allied;
Must give the meed of praise or blame where'er it may be due,
And take of things in general a cool, impartial view;
Must, in short, not spare its efforts until the Public thinks
It could part with many comforts but—could'nt spare *The Sphinx!*

SPHINX is a Greek word, signifying the Squeezer or Strangler. It is applied to certain forms of Egyptian origin, having the body of a lion, a human head, and two wings attached to the sides. In the Egyptian hieroglyphs, the Sphinx bears the name of *Neb*, or lord, and *Akar*, of intelligence, corresponding to the account of Clemens, that these emblematic figures depicted intellect and force. The most remarkable Sphinx,—a colossal form, hewn out of the natural rock,—is the Great Sphinx at Gizeh, near the second pyramid. The bust, fashioned, as Mr. Kinglake says in *Eothen*, according to some ancient mould of beauty, is all that is now seen of this gigantic figure, the form having long since been buried in the ever shifting sands of the desert.

BRITISH MUSEUM

HATS AND THEIR WEARERS.

DOUBTLESS much has been already written about hats, although at this moment we have no recollection of ever having read anything upon the subject. The head-gear worn by both sexes all over the world has for ages taxed the ingenuity and skill of the caterers in coverings for the head, and may continue to do so until the crack of doom. Hats and their makers have long been used to illustrate slang and familiar phrases. "As mad as a hatter," was and still is an expression in common use. "Who's your hatter?" is a question which one has frequently been asked of late years in conspicuous places. "I'll have your hat," is a phrase in common use by the Londoners. As you walk the streets, the flags inform you, by means of black letters, traced in pigment, where to buy your hats. The advertising columns of this and other journals teem with poetical effusions in favour of Mr. Gee's and other manufacturer's hats. Coverings for the head have even been sources of inspiration for poets. Troops have rushed to battle to the inspiring strains "All the blue bonnets are over the border," "The bonnets of bonnie Dundee," and other similar stirring airs. Lord Byron alludes to his head-gear in the lines—

> As there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,
> My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid.

Modern songs of less note have been composed on the same subject, such as "My old straw a hat," and other similar sentimental effusions, without much claim to merit. One lyrist informs us that "All round his hat, he wears a green willow; it's all round his hat for a twelvemonth and a day; and if anybody asks him the reason why he wears it, he'll say it's for his true love that's far, far away." Hats have also become to some extent part of the circulating medium of the country. When two individuals wax hot in argument, they clench their opinions and assertions with "I'll bet you a new hat on it." How many hats change hands, or rather heads, on the result of races, elections, cotton crops, cotton prices, disputes, and contests of all sorts? People who are shocked at the bare idea of betting money, think nothing of betting a new hat. One more ingenious than honest individual of our acquaintance found a temporary means of raising the wind by betting hats. The mode he adopted was this: on any subject, no matter what, he would bet a guinea hat. If he lost, he gave an order on his hatter, or told the loser to go to his hatter. If he won he would say that he was not in want of a hat, but would take fifteen shillings down. By this means he kept himself in pocket money for a time, with what result may easily be imagined.

Of late years, repeated and various attacks have been made against the supremacy of the European chimney-pot hat. So far, these attacks have been partially successful, and a man may please himself with impunity about the kind of hat which he chooses to wear. The time has been, and not so long since, when it required some resolution to pass along the streets in certain neighbourhoods, with a white hat on one's head, without fear of insult. Now Turks and Parsees may pass through the streets, wearing the head-dresses of their respective countries, without molestation. But although all manner of hats are now to be seen—wide-awakes, felt hats, low-crowned and tall-crowned hats, those of a bell-shaped and those of a sugar-loafed pattern, straw hats, pork pie hats, pudding-shaped hard hats, fitting close to the skull, and many other descriptions, it must be owned that the old chimney-pot still, to a great extent, holds its ground, and maintains its ascendancy, and has claims of its own. In the first place, it sticks on the head even in a gale of wind; it is also an excellent hat to wear on horseback, and is a safeguard to the head in case of a fall. So far as our own experience goes, we have found it capable of better ventilation than most other descriptions of hat. Nothing is cooler in summer than a white chimney-pot, but then it is not every one who can wear a white hat. Dark complexioned men and fair men with florid countenances look well in white hats, but drab complexioned men with straw-coloured hair and beards look hideous in them.

People have often an instinctive idea as to the sort of hat which best suits them. Tall, large made, broad shouldered men, with a tendency to corpulence, and having large heads, frequently wear large broad-brimmed hats, with turned up brims, which suit them very well. Portly country squires follow the same style, while little, thin, spare men instinctively avoid them. The shovel hats, worn by clerical dignitaries, are always a source of pleasant entertainment to us. A Dean's hat attracts us. A Bishop's hat impresses us. An Arch-bishop's mitre awes us. What effect a Cardinal's hat would have on us, if we happened to belong to the Romish communion, we scarcely dare venture to speculate upon. The hat worn by the Greek Patriarch is most dignified and imposing.

Besides the various kinds of hat now in use, there are the different modes of wearing it, which vary nearly as much as the hats themselves. This is particularly the case with the chimney-pot. There is the severely perpendicular style, by which nearly the whole of the back of the head is exposed, while the hat rests on the eye-brows. This was the mode adopted by Lord Palmerston, with a peculiar kind of jaunty cock about it, hit off so well by *Punch*, and which tallied exactly with the sprig or flower carried between his lips as facetiously depicted in the illustrations of that periodical. This was also something of the style in which F.M. the late Duke of Wellington wore his narrow-brimmed beaver, and which suited so well the hard horny beak beneath, and the short blue frock and trim military appearance which the great soldier presented as he rode slowly along on his bay nag. There is the reverse of this mode where the hat is worn exposing the whole forehead, and rests upon the coat collar, generally imparting an idiotic expression to the wearer. There is also the fierce cock of the hat on one side, at once rakish and defiant. This style was adopted with much success by the late Lord Combermere. It was at once swaggering, jaunty, libertine, gay, gallant, hilarious, and wholly juvenile, although the veteran cavalry officer, while he looked under forty at a short distance off, was at the time we speak of, considerably over eighty, and had been in service about sixty years, in all quarters of the globe. Earl Russell wears a broad-brimmed furry hat, which nearly buries his head and face, and is an exception to the rule of small men wearing narrow-brimmed hats. When seated in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone generally wears his hat over his brow, concealing the expression of his eyes. His hat is a barometer by which you can tell the state of his temper. When he gets upon his legs in the House, if he is calm and cool, he quietly lays his hat down beside him or in front of him. If he dashes down his hat on the table before him, you can tell that he is at white heat, and in much the same state as his brother Robertson was at a public breakfast a short time since. O'Connell always wore his broad-brimmed hat on one side, in truly Hibernian fashion. The late Mr. Richard Lalor Sheil, M.P., who was an orator of the first rank, a poet, a man of genius, and the author of *Evadne*, and other tragedies, illustrated by Miss O'Neill, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Macready, and Miss H. Faucit, was notorious for wearing the worst hat in the House. It was not only that it was a shocking bad hat, but it was a bruised, battered, greasy, mis-shapen, dilapidated, disreputable old tile, which few men dare have worn; but then, besides being master of the Mint, Mr. Sheil was a man of eminence and might have worn a hat similar to Robinson Crusoe if he had chosen.

One of the strangest hats with which we have ever been acquainted belonged to an old friend of ours who was a ploughman. This hat he purchased for Sunday wear on arriving at man's estate. It was a rough narrow-brimmed, tallish hat, made of hare or rabbit skin, to imitate beaver. The nap was long and rough, so much so that it moved perceptibly with the slightest breeze, and it was the owner's pride, as seems to be the case with most countrymen, to show as much nap as possible. Accordingly, before starting for church, which was some miles off, Agricola always brushed his hat the wrong way with a wisp of hay or straw, or anything which came ready to hand. The most astonishing thing about this hat was its adamantine hardness. Of what material the foundation consisted, on which the superstructure of this Golgotha was reared, we cannot conceive, for you might have stood upon it and even kicked it with impunity. When we last saw this hat its owner had worn it on Sundays for a dozen years, and it was as good as new. That was fifteen years since, and we dare say the owner has it yet, and probably will have it to the end of his days.

During their existence in the body, or rather in the hat, they are used for various purposes besides covering the head. In church for instance, many worshippers offer up the preliminary prayer on entering the sacred edifice, at the same time concealing their faces with their hat. A hat was once the means of disconcerting us very much in a country church in Scotland. The parson at the beginning of the service entered the

building by the main entrance, walked up the entire length, ascended the pulpit stairs, and coolly hung up his castor on a peg behind him. His hat upset us during the entire service, and an excellent discourse was thrown away. Members of parliament on rising to their feet, frequently deposit their papers of reference in their hats, and when they use the familiar expression—"I have now in my pocket," it is much more likely that the document referred to is in their hat. When a speaker is addressing an audience from a platform with no table or rail in front of him, his hat is really of assistance to him, and prevents his thrusting his hands into the depths of his breeches pocket, or playing extraordinary antics with his coat tails, thereby spoiling his otherwise meritorious efforts. Hats are much used for electioneering purposes. As a whist player, at a loss for a card, will turn up his eyes to the ceiling in hopes of finding it there, so will the speaker in the agonies of an imminent breakdown, have recourse to the interior of his hat, where he has prudently deposited the heads of his remarks. When Mr. S. P. Robinson, on the platform, acts as fugleman to his party, and invokes the "most sweet voices" in front, he does so by making the most vigorous and energetic demonstrations with his hat. During the approaching elections, it would not surprise us if there was a rise in hats. In some other respects, hats are made useful while in daily wear. The Irish peasant sticks his dhudeen into the brim or band of his hat. The angler twines his fishing flies round it. The sportsman places a feather or two of his first-bagged grouse in it. Cricketers wear a badge of some kind in it. Lord Elcho's volunteers always turn out on field-days with a sprig of heather or holly, or some other distinguishing symbol, in their caps. We don't know whether the white and red roses of York and Lancaster were worn on the casques and helmets of the respective combatants during these famous wars, but think very probably they were.

Besides the various uses which we have enumerated, to which hats are constantly put, what a fine medium they are by which a man may show off his grace and style of manner! Mr. Turveydrop was grand with his hat, modelled on the style of the first gentleman's in Europe, his late majesty King———. Count D'Orsay's hat, as he drove through Hyde Park on a Sunday, was an image to be worshipped like the hat of Gessler, which caused a revolution. A hat is to a gentleman what a fan is to a lady—an instrument by which he can exhibit his self-possession, his gallantry, in short, his good breeding. Look at honest Giles as dressed in his Sunday clothes, he seeks an interview with the squire. Poor devil, he does not know what to do with his hat. He holds it with both hands as if soliciting alms, then sticks it under his arm, seizes it again and looks piteously at it, and if he had time would probably end by sitting down upon it. Now, on the contrary, a gentleman is never incommoded by his hat, indeed it is rather an accessory and assistance to him, at once a formidable weapon of attack and a bulwark of defence. On the stage a skilful actor makes the best use of his hat in illustrating the scene in which he takes part. We have seen Mr. Keeley and Mr. Buckstone bring down the house by their mode of dealing with their hats. See how Mr. Farren, as Charles Surface or Captain Absolute, makes use of his crush-hat, how gaily he handles it, while he banters Mrs. Malaprop, or rallies Sir Peter when he tells him to come into court. Look also at Mr. Sydney Bancroft; what wonders he works with his chimney-pot hat. He removes it from his head in salutation, and the audience cheer, he waves it and they laugh, he resumes it and they cheer again. Then what astounding tricks a conjuror performs with a hat, out of which he appears able to produce almost anything, and after abusing and almost destroying it, restores it to its owner as good as ever.

Nothing shows so much the still reigning supremacy of the chimney-pot as its almost universal adoption on Sundays. Scarcely any one ever thinks of going to church in a wide-awake or straw hat. We are rather inclined to appreciate and approve of this prejudice as a certain instinctive and decorous tribute to the solemnity of the occasion, although prayers from a man with a billy-cock must be quite as acceptable as from one with a beaver. This, however, touches the fringe of the whole subject of whether rags and squalour can be coaxed to church, which is scarcely suitable to the columns of this journal. Accordingly we take off our hat to our readers, and say, adieu.

COMPOUND MULTIPLICATION.—Twins!

THE GENERAL ELECTION RACES.

[BY OUR SPORTING CORRESPONDENT.]

THE entries for the election stakes throughout the country are being rapidly filled up, and the acceptances declared. Some of the old horses are so heavily weighted with required pledges that they will not accept. Others have such an aversion to a scramble on a crowded course, that they will be withdrawn. Owing to the alteration of the courses throughout the kingdom, and the new clauses and rules made by the Jockey Club at Westminster regarding disestablishment tests, bribery penalties and other matters, public opinion and public houses are likely to be strongly excited for the next few months. We subjoin a few facts relative to the preparations and movements of the various stables.

SOUTH LANCASHIRE STAKES.—The ground for this race has been broken up and relaid, and contains nearly as many courses as there are at Newmarket. One of them, as at the latter place, is designated "the ditch mile," and several of the candidates will land in the mud in consequence. There is also the A.F. course or Across the Flat, which is always a favourite one for election stakes. Demosthenes will again run as a preliminary to his trial for the Blue Riband or the Premiership. This well-known horse is somewhat cross-bred, being descended from Free Trade out of Protection, by Slaveowner. He himself is by Church and State out of Disestablishment by Whirligig. Demosthenes is partial to "three courses," and on this occasion three will be open to him. There are the Salford Division and the West Derby courses, and in addition he will be brought out for the Greenwich Cup. For the latter race, Laxter Bangley has been engaged to ride him. Most likely he will try for both the (West) Derby and the Greenwich Cup, but at present he is as well left alone. His temper is uncertain, and was made worse last year by his defeat for the Blue Riband by Bendizzy, whom he has often attempted to "savage" since. Demosthenes is so well known that he scarcely requires description. He has raced on nearly as many courses as did Old Fisherman and Caller Ou, and has carried nearly every colour on the turf, from the dark true blue to the pale yellow jacket of Mr. James Merry, M.P., who declared to win at Falkirk with "Repeal of the Decalogue." Early in his career, in 1837, he ran in the Carlton colours for the Manchester Cup, and was defeated by Sydenham and Mark Tapley. He then won the Newark Cup for the Duke of Newcastle. Having changed hands, he won the Oxford University Stakes for Old Sir Robert; after numerous victories over the University course, he was defeated by Gathorne on Surplice. His more recent career is well known. Demosthenes, though now aged, is still a most powerful animal, although veterinarians are disagreed regarding his soundness, some asserting that his understandings are doubtful, and his temper most unreliable, while others affirm that he is all right. When he lays back his ears and lashes out, he is dangerous to approach, but it does not interfere with his running when he once starts. Whether he will win the Lancashire Stakes or not, we are not prepared to state, although we think he has a long career before him, and will ultimately gain the object of his ambition. At present he is trained in the Birmingham stable with Don John.

MANCHESTER CUP.—Turvey-drop and Jacobite will again run for this prize. The old horse has been so often described that it is unnecessary to allude to him further at present. He is quite frisky, and was running in the Foreign Cattle Bill race on the St. Stephen's course last week at three o'clock in the morning. His younger colleague was so lately before the public on the old course when he won last year that they are perfectly acquainted with all his points. There will probably be several candidates for the third place. Windbag, late Chartist, has gone into the same stable as the two horses already mentioned, but as one jockey cannot ride three horses, just as under the new Reform bill one elector can only vote for two candidates, it is impossible to say how Windbag's chance may be affected by the throwing in or combination with the stable known as the "United Liberal." The other stable, not known as the U.L., is understood to run the Old Harry colt out of Portland Street again, but he got such a terrible gruelling last time that we should think he would dread the course. His supporters, however, aver that the running on that occasion was all wrong, and as the course has been altered, he may not recognize it, and acquit himself more successfully. The true-blue party have as yet made no sign. The

Alderman's action last time was found to be lumbering and disappointed his supporters, and as old John Scott says, "beaten horses are bad 'uns to back."

SALFORD STAKES.—Stockbroker. by Mr. Nailer's Stockwell out of Contango, has gone into strong work for this race. He is trained along with the Staleybridge infant, who knows the course. Sir Oliver has again been talked of, but can't be got to face a crowd, and Nat Massey who used to farm this race has entered for the Liverpool Cup. The true-blue division are said to have a dark horse ready, but we don't believe in dark horses nor "black" ones either, and as Dr. Long-and-Shorthouse says "the accursed blood of ——— can't stay," we should think he would'nt do.

STAFFORD CUP.—The Mayor is again going to try his luck, and as money makes the Mayor go, and used to have the same effect upon the Stafford electors, we suppose the needful will be forthcoming for all legitimate purposes.

MACCLESFIELD HANDICAP.—Ex-Treasurer from Salford is to be brought out once more for this event. He, as well as the Mayor, is out of the Limited Liability stable, which has had a long run of bad luck. Ex-Treasurer, however, is all right, and will be led in his gallops by his own brother, Old Tom, who is going like a steam-engine.

STOCKPORT CUP.—Railroad, by Hocuspocus out of Scrip, will again contest this race with every chance of success.

GRIMSBY STAKES.—The Cob, by Ursa Major or Taurus out of Sheffields, will once more be trotted out for these stakes.

BOLTON CUP.—Tea-totaller, by Special Pleader out of Alliance, has gone into training for this event. He has already been over the course several times. Some say his wind is affected, but whether this is correct or not we cannot say. He certainly makes a noise when at work.

SHEFFIELD PLATE.—Tear'em and old And-in-And will again run for this trophy. The latter is by Omission (out) of the Letter H. Tear'em will be opposed by Trades' Union, but we think he and his stable companion will run first and second.

LINLITHGOWSHIRE STAKES.—Mr. Punch's "Expender," who has scarcely recovered from the effects of the salmon poisoning at Totnes, has gone into training for these stakes. We hope there will be no salmon-steaks on this occasion. The Expender is said to be of an old Cornish strain, which was news to us. We perceive that at a meeting of his supporters last week, the Cornishman is reported to have said that the Expender was wrongly disqualified, that it was a case of perjury, and that he preferred a Scotch course for the horse, as "there is nothing of that kind here." Of course not! Scotchmen are utterly inaccessible by means of bawbees or any other sinister medium. We are glad to hear it. The Cornishman is entitled to his contradiction, but for our part we think it would be prudent for him in future to leave well and Totnes alone.

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

If we are to accept the "players as the abstract and brief chronicles of the time,—to show the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," we must confess that the advertisements of the London theatres, which are now and lately have been appearing on the main sheet of the *Times* newspaper, are not flattering to the much-vaunted intelligence of the second half of the nineteenth century. The following are a few of the advertisements alluded to:—

O-OLEE-EELEE-OO, encored nightly, and She gives me Lumbago. Theatre Royal, Holborn.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Last nights of—O! Such a Little Lady, and the Pip Pip Pipsey Wipsey Wee! Also, FOWL PLAY. La De Dada with a Lady. 10-35 every evening.

STRAND THEATRE.—Miss Lydia Thompson will sing her great TOPICAL song to-night. Encored three times every evening.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mrs. Howard Paul will introduce her funny little "Ping" to-night at Ten. Four times encored.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—The Bells go A-ringing for Sarah; the Beautiful Dinner Bell; and the great song, Walking in the Zoo, rapturously encored every evening.

We remember on one occasion, in the course of a conversation with the chaplain of a lunatic asylum, he gravely asserted that the inmates of the place had more sense, and that their amusements were more rational than those of most people out of doors. After reading the foregoing advertisements, we are inclined to agree with the reverend gentleman.

CYNICAL APHORISMS.

Burn your candle at both ends and you shall go to bed in the dark.
Confide in a knave and you come to mistrust honesty.
The worst marksman may score on a tavern cupboard.
A score is not always twenty to him who sees double.
When the oarsman shows off he pulls with the stream.
A slattern's pin cushion is all over the house.
Don't lay *yourself* up against a rainy day.
When a man's friends praise him, his foes may wish him luck.
Tell your troubles and lose your chum.
Injuries are easier forgotten than benefits forgiven.
The regretful man's life is all yesterday, the anxious man's all to-morrow.
The most successful lie will have its subsidy.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

[THE LAMENT OF A SMALL-BORE.]

Corporal Peake, of the First Manchester, was on Tuesday last declared the winner of the Queen' Prize at Wimbledon. His score of 70 is the largest ever made in competition for this prize. As, however, he had unfortunately infringed the rules while firing, he was afterwards disqualified by the Council.

Confound the bitter blunder,
That raised that fatal bar—
The tantalizing glory,
So near and yet so far!
Was e'er such skill so squandered
By one unlooked-for slip,
Or Cup dashed down when raised up
So near the victor's lip!

Oh Peake! it makes one frantic
To read how it was done—
The prize won 'gainst a nation
And lost ere it was won!
Of victory, than failure
More hard to bear aright;
Of matchless sighting wasted
By one curst oversight.

Thou should'st, the conquering hero
Of all the bloodless fight—
Thy brows with laurels darkened,
Have dawned upon our sight;
The champion of a nation;
Within our city nursed,
The foremost amongst sixty,
The first of all our First!

Oh, then for thee the buglers
Had blown their loudest din;
And men of mighty muscle
Had thrashed the sounding skin;
And bells and hoarse-voiced cannon,
And trump and thundering drums
Had flung aloft the greeting,
"Lo, he comes, he comes!

"From Wimbletonian common
And its uncommon sun,
Of all a nation's heroes
The great unconquered gun!"
Oh, such had been our greeting,
And then thy glorious name
Had risen among the people
A very Peake of fame!

They would have told thy birthplace;
Thy age have pondered o'er;
And talked with veneration
About thy *seventy* score;
Till fame had made thee—flying
With blazoned scroll unfurled,
A mark for admiration—
The bull's-eye of a world!

But worst of deprivations—
To think they will refuse
To *countenance* thee in that
Illustrious London News!
Oh! what a cut they'll give thee,
When they in wood enshrine
The mug that is another's,
But should by right be thine!

But yet, there's consolation,
O Peake, in what is lost;
The glory hadst been purchased
At a stupendous cost;
From bitter tribulation
Thy lot hadst not been free,
When all the city small-bores
Had turned their aims on thee.

They would, to do thee honour,
Have left their desks and shelves,—
Those fatted calves of commerce
And sacrificed themselves:—
Have shown thee to the public
An honoured friend and dear,
And feasted thee on speeches, like
A Belgian volunteer!

Yes! isn't it a comfort,
To think to glory's track
No pettifogging humbugs,
Shall now ride on thy back:
And though we mourn how fortune
Her spleen upon thee wreaked,
It is some consolation
To know how THEY are PIQUED.

A. E. I.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* and our learned contemporary *Notes and Queries*, have been puzzling their brains about the meaning of the letters "A. E. I." now used extensively as a monogram for letter paper, trinkets, amulets, and similar articles, but without being able to arrive at any conclusion on the subject. As these hieroglyphics are in such constant use, it struck us that they might be supposed to signify An English Institution, but on asking a young lady, who wore a locket bearing the mysterious letters, what they meant, she promptly replied, "An Engaged Individual,"—thus solving the question, and extinguishing our hopes at the same moment. We hope the *Pall Mall* and *Notes and Queries* are satisfied. We are not.

SURPRISING FACT.

Some men have quite a mania for sympathy. The late Alexander Selkirk was wont to complain that the "beast that roamed over the plain, his form with indifference saw;" others have sought for it from rocks and trees, but they are nothing to a tradesman we know of, who recently gave £200 to secure the good-will of an empty shop!

COMPLETED PROVERB.

When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window,—to raise the wind by pawning his boots!

A MOURNFUL SAW.

It is a wise child that knows its own father—when he is disguised in liquor!

SEASONABLE GAME FOR TOPERS.—Draughts.

ON THE RIALTO.

A WEST Riding poet has called the lively village of Sowerby Bridge "The rising Venice of the Dales. We have, therefore, some sanction for using a word, more Shaksperian than accurate, to denominate our Manchester Exchange. At any rate, sanction or no sanction, accurate or inaccurate, under this head of "On the Rialto," we purpose from time to time to present our readers with a few sketches of our Exchange, and of the people who there "most do congregate."

The first thing that strikes one who, being well acquainted with the habits of the Manchester Exchange, its terms of membership, and the character of its frequenters, takes to reflect upon it, is this:—That almost alone among the exchanges of Europe it is no honour to belong to it. To say in London that a man is a member of Lloyd's is to say at once something very decisive as to his presumptive standing, and in almost any community in England that boasts an exchange at all, a similar statement means the same thing. The exact difference between a Stock Exchange and a *Rouge et noir* Saloon is not very apparent to the uninitiated; but yet the membership of such an institution is at any rate a guarantee that the person in question has hitherto gambled fairly and paid his bets. To say the least he has not been discovered with an ace up his sleeve, or the thimble-rig pea in his pocket. But the membership of the Manchester Exchange means simply nothing at all, except that the sum of three guineas has been paid to the proprietors. If a man endeavour to cheat them by so much as putting his nose in once per annum, the avenging Nemesis Simpson is down upon him instanter. But let him lay the due tribute on the altar of this most exacting deity, and if he has only left the tread-mill the day before, on the boards of the Manchester Exchange he can strut it with the most immaculate merchant of them all. To those who consider this as a lamentable consequence of the nature and constitution of our Rialto, let us offer reflection number two. It is this:—That, on the Manchester Exchange, character is of little or no value. One would have thought that supposing black sheep could not be left out owing to the mercenary nature of the undertaking, they would walk about in little circles of their own, indignantly baaed off by the untarred fleeces. No such thing. Enter the doors with us and perhaps the very first person you see is Scamper. Scamper forged the acceptance of an eminent firm—a fact by no means hid under a bushel, but well known. From the felon's dock, whence he escaped by the compounding of the forgery, he retired into privacy for a brief period; and then tabling down the magic guineas, reappeared upon the scene. Watch his movements. He cracks a joke with a country manufacturer, walks straight up to the most stand-off buyer there, and claps his nefarious paw in his. If he can get a halfpenny per piece more than his neighbour, or sell when his neighbour cannot, the manufacturer (knowing him to have been a forger) lets him sell his wares. If he can take a halfpenny less, the most moral and honourable buyer on the boards gives him his order. It is most encouraging to virtue. Or take Sloper: many times in business on his own account, many more in situations, and always with the same result. He will take any price, and buyers run after him. All of them have been done by him. If the market goes up much, if on his own account, he breaks, and doesn't deliver: if in a situation, his employer kicks him out of the place, and does deliver. Every buyer knows all this, but it does not stand against him. He will take orders at prices no one else will touch, and the great merchants are content to run their chance of getting the goods. Nor is this confined to sellers. See, in the very centre of the building stands Mc'Squaretoes: his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and an obsequious circle of sellers round about him. He was once a bankrupt, and poor men are about him daily who would be grateful if he would only pay up ancient defalcations. He openly boasts of his present wealth; but even now that he has money, his hands are not over clean: he is a sharp practitioner. Does this damage his power to-day? Not a whit. The tag-rag-and-bobtail of the sellers are too glad to sell to anyone to be squeamish, and we cannot blame them: but the wealthy and independent houses crawl round him all the same. They can afford to keep dignifiedly aloof from him; but alone of all Exchanges in the world, character goes for nothing in Manchester, and they don't. "I have a rule," said a large producer, who can afford to dictate his own terms and price, "I never sell one piece of any cloth to any house that has pleaded the Statute of Frauds." "Does that apply to Mc'Squaretoes; for he did so?"

"Hum! Ah! Well: no: he's too large a buyer!" was the answer. The plain truth is that Manchester practically carries out to the letter political economy. If there is a demand, get your supply and ask no questions: if you have aught to sell, sell it and be not nice whether your customer be a knave or not. Can he pay now? That is the law and the gospel. There used to be an old fashioned phrase with a deal of meaning: "He that stands well on 'Change." It by no means meant that the person was rich; but it did mean that he was honourable and upright—a Bayard of commerce. Now we never hear the phrase: but if it were accidentally dropt from some one's lips, it would simply mean that he had paid three guineas to Mr. Simpson, and would pay you three thousand if he owed it, unless it paid him better to fail; for which contingency you must yourself calculate the chances. Formerly in turning a youth loose upon the Exchange, one would have said: Be truthful: be modest: be exact and honourable; this is the best capital." Now a-days a commercial Chesterfield would give this advice to his son: "My dear boy! Go in and win! Never mind how, but do it. Forget as much as you can the commandments, but have an eye on the police. *Voila tout!*"

The fact is that the idea of the Manchester Exchange which has taken possession of the general mind of the country is false in all its details. The Southerner imagines that to be a Member of it is an honour, and to have achieved that distinction a great step to commercial success; whereas it is just as exclusive as a grand stand or a casino, and no more select. The next general idea of it is, that for active, continued, heart-soul-and-brain absorbing business, it surpasses a bee hive at swarming time; whereas it is only busy for a few hours a week, and there is no place in England where more people more persistently, absolutely loaf away their time, as within the walls of our Rialto. Walk round at any moment of the day, and you will find listless-looking people with their noses almost flattened against every window. Enter at any minute, and you will see the room dotted with purposeless looking creatures lolling on benches, leaning against pillars, or wandering absently up and down; and the only sign of active existence at all will consist of one or two animated circles quarrelling over the Irish Church, or laughing over the last joke of Tommy Tub. But the grandest and most groundless of these imaginary characteristics of our Exchange is this: that in its bounds and within its walls are gathered together the longest headed, hardest headed, the closest fisted, and, altogether, the most consummate trading intellect in the universe. The exact converse is the truth. The newsvendors outside bring more trading intellect to the management of their business than is employed upon the cotton trade by the aggregate brains of the Exchange. In no valid sense is the cotton trade a trade at all. A trade consists in making articles to suit demand; in producing as much as is wanted; and trading intellect used to assert itself in seeing before the ruck when demand was going to fall away, or to set in with vigour, and to anticipate either eventuality, as the case might be. No such method now obtains on our Exchange. The spinner goes on from month to month, and from year to year, pouring forth as much yarn as can be drawn from his spindles, without so much as a side glance at the world's requirements. If at the end of a twelvemonth he make money, *tant mieux*; if he lose, *tant pis*. In like manner the manufacturer keeps his shuttles rattling along and turns out his acres of cloth, with a total disregard to bare or glutted markets, and with the blindest trust in sheer chance. And the higher ranks of merchant is hardly any wiser. Not ten per cent of all the bales packed in all Manchester are sent abroad to order from customers, or because the sender fancied any one wanted them. As the spinner spins and the manufacturer weaves, so does the merchant ship: ships as fast as his means will allow and his presses pack, and he leaves the result to Providence, or the opposite. For some years past this has been the long-headed way in which our belauded Northern shrewdness has conducted the leading trade of England. It has gone far to destroy the capital of Lancashire, and it bids fair to make the district bankrupt.

Nevertheless, the Exchange is by no means an unpleasant place to get your living in; and we know nowhere that presents a richer soil for the development of character. Every possible idiosyncrasy, and many a nationality are found within its walls. We have the Jew, German, and others; we have Germans—at least they say so themselves and they ought to know—who are not Jews; we have the Greeks in numbers, downier than the Jew; and we have the Scotch, downier than them all. We have the Exchange bore and the Exchange snob. We have the pompous old big-wig and the bouncey puppy. We have—or rather had—buyers, and we have no end of sellers. There is also the Exchange funny man; the scandal monger; the nose flatteners at the windows; and there are the successful men, and their reverse, the broken-down failures. Beyond all this we leave the country subscribers, a racy body, as distinct in their several local peculiarities as the different nationalities. Altogether, the student of human nature might travel far before he could find a better field for his observation than is to be found in Manchester "on the Rialto."

A VISIT TO THE HULME BARRACKS.

MANCHESTER is a paradox. It is a garrison city and yet not a military one. It has two regiments, one of cavalry and one of infantry, always stationed within it. It has two barracks to hold the aforesaid regiments, situated, each of them, about a mile from St. Ann's Square. It boasts a Major-General and his staff, and all sorts of military dignitaries who rejoice in long and high sounding titles, such as Deputy-Judge Advocate, Assistant-Adjutant General and others like to these. It can point to offices and central depôts, and all sorts of machinery for carrying on the military work of a large portion of England. In fact, it is the Headquarters of the Northern District,—a district so vast as to comprise Newcastle-on-Tyne in the North, the Isle of Man in the West, Weedon and Birmingham in the South, and York in the East; on which account Manchester is considered, in military circles, to be the principal garrison city in the North of England.

And yet, we repeat it is not a military city. Don't let our Volunteer friends be angry! all honour to them for their gallantry and perseverance! On one day in the week—on Saturday afternoons—they furnish the spectacle of several grey or green masses of men, marching through the streets, just at the time when most citizens have gone home, say, to Broughton or Greenheys, leaving empty warehouses, and shut-up shops behind them; but even this weekly spectacle, gorgeous as it is, does not affect the generally sober business-like air which pervades both city and citizen. For six days and a half, at any rate, out of the seven, we are a plodding, steady-going, un-military race, and no amount of Volunteer enthusiasm or indignation can alter the fact.

Then, of course, with regard to the regulars stationed among us, they are simply swallowed up and lost in our great cottonopolis. Except to mortals who are privileged to live on Regent Road, Salford, or Chester Road, Hulme, the sight of a soldier is a comparative rarity. The infantry barracks is situated on a road which no one would traverse who could possibly help it, and as to the cavalry barracks it was a long time before we discovered its whereabouts, and even then we were puzzled how to get at it. In fact, as is the case with most barracks, it has collected round itself a number of little dirty houses and streets, in the centre of which it lies buried,—a great hive wherein are some four hundred military bees buzzing and moving about from morning to night. Working bees, not drones, mind! We utterly repudiate the notion so common in a city like this, that soldiers are a lazy set, who do nothing and have nothing to do, and to support our opinion we will take our readers to the great military hive aforesaid.

The main approach to the Hulme Barracks, which, it is needless to say, we did find at last, is through a street which, owing to dirt and dinginess, is neither good for the sight or nose. Marine stores, rag and bone shops, public-houses of the lowest class, and tumble-down buildings give the neighbourhood anything but a pleasing appearance. The male population consists principally of old soldiers, discharged from one cause or another, who supplement their pensions (if they have any) by keeping the aforesaid shops and cleaning old uniforms. The female population is composed of soldiers wives, principally those poor things whose husbands have married without leave, and who, therefore, have no rooms in barracks, or any allowances,—the wives and widows of old pensioners—and a class of women who are invariably to be found outside every barracks, and by whose help the British soldier wastes his money, health, and character together. There is a strong Irish element about the neighbourhood, and there are more children than one would think could possibly belong to any one locality. A general cast-off military air pervades everything and everybody; the public-houses show signs patriotic

and regimental; articles of army clothing abound on lines, in shop windows, on beggars' backs, even as playthings for children; nearly every man has a moustache, and holds himself erect from sheer force of old habit; nearly every woman has an independent air upon her, which smacks strongly of the baggage waggon and a roving life.

The barracks creates its own neighbourhood and the neighbourhood re-acts upon the barracks. Unfortunately, as will be seen presently, the soldier's principal time for going out is in the evening, when the only amusement at his disposal is the "Free and Easy" at the public-house. If he wanders beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the barracks, it is only to find himself in Deansgate, from bad to worse—from low to lowest. It is in Deansgate that the two great barrack highways meet, and the vaults, the free and easies, and dancing rooms abound with men of both regiments. Manchester is a bad station for the soldier. There are more court martials held here than in almost any other provincial town in England. There are more stripes lost, *i.e.*, more non-commissioned officers reduced to the ranks, than is generally the case during the year's stay of a regiment in any one place. The last regiment stationed here, the 8th Hussars, had two men drummed out within about a month of each other. They had never had a similar case before to the best of our knowledge, for twenty-five years. Of course, the men so discharged were old offenders, who had been punished and borne with again and again, but still Manchester put the finishing touch to their downwards career.

The soldier is, unfortunately, the only man who can dissipate upon nothing. Every quart he stands to male or female friend, brings him back half-a-dozen in return. A private in the cavalry receives eighteenpence a day, out of which he pays sevenpence for food and a penny for washing, besides having to provide the whole of his underclothing, and certain parts of his uniform. The men club together. Those on guard will lend to those who have passes till 12 p.m. Almost every man has his particular friend and comrade, with whom he may be said to have a common purse, but still he has little money to spend on pleasure, even supposing there are no stoppages from his pay on account of debts due to his captain. The rule in all regiments is, that if a man wants—say a necessary article of clothing—and has no money wherewith to purchase it, he draws on the captain of his troop (or company), who is also his paymaster, and wipes off the debt gradually, by regular amounts, deducted from his daily pay. Still the men are seldom at a loss for money—indeed, unfortunately for them, they do not need any. So much for the British soldier outside the barracks. We have seen the worst of him, and that "worst" is not so bad as might reasonably be expected considering the neighbourhood he is placed in, and the temptations to which he is exposed. He gets more harm from Manchester, than Manchester from him. The only wonder is that there should be so many well-conducted, sober, steady men in the service, as there undoubtedly are. We question whether there is a finer or more intelligent set of men in the world than our cavalry non-commissioned officers. They are all taken from the ranks, and there is plenty of good stuff in the ranks to pick from.

But step into the barracks and see the soldier at home. It is literally a step, and a step only, from dirt and wretchedness to the very perfection of cleanliness and order. True, the barrack buildings are old and dingy, but military neatness works wonders, and there is plenty of space for such sun and breeze as can be coaxed into a region so near cottonopolis. On our right as we enter is the guardroom, with a covered way in front, and a sentry pacing up and down; on our left are the Canteen and Barrack-master's office and stores. Beyond the latter again is the Riding School; in front, the Hospital. In the middle-distance, to the right and facing the Riding School, is a range of buildings comprising the Sergeants' Mess, the men's Reading and Recreation Rooms, the School Room, and Tailors' Work-shop. Most of these names tell their own tale. The Canteen is not only the barrack ale-house, but general store where the soldier buys at cheaper rate than he could outside all additions to his daily fare, in the shape of eggs, herrings, bacon, and the like. Down to a recent date the Canteen was a private speculation, held, like any other public-house or shop, by a tenant who paid a yearly rent; but now Government has very wisely taken the affair into its own hands. Each Canteen is managed by a regimental board, and placed under the charge of a sergeant, who is excused all other duty while thus acting shop-keeper and publican. The prices are fixed at low rates, and the profits of the establishment applied to a fund for assisting the women and children of the regiment to move from station to station.

The Hospital is, of course, on a miniature scale, compared to its brethren outside. Under ordinary circumstances it can make up thirty-seven beds. The average number of patients, taking for instance the last few months, is about twenty-seven. The diseases, as a usual rule, are those which result from vicious indulgence, varied by contusions produced by horse-kicks, and occasional instances of consumption or bronchitis, brought on by continued exposure to night air, and, it may be, no less continued dissipation. Sentry-duty at night is anything but healthy—though the men in barracks at present have little to complain of in this particular; their average number of nights in bed being seven out of eight. At some places, and even in Manchester, at such a time as the late Fenian panic, the case is different. Generally speaking, however, the cavalry service is a very healthy one. Plenty of exercise on horseback—early bed-going and early rising—good food and plenty of it—add but sobriety and steadiness, and the clean bill of health is complete.

The Sergeants' Mess is only a plebeian imitation of the officers', but a very good imitation nevertheless. A plain substantial dinner in the middle of the day—a table well supplied with papers—a bagatelle board and other game—a private tap. Lights out at 11 p.m. The married sergeants live entirely in their own quarters with their wives. Overhead are the mens' Reading and Recreation Rooms, with the School Room adjoining. In this latter the soldier's children receive a free education from a properly certificated master and mistress, under regular inspection, like the National Schools outside. Here also are delivered from time to time, lectures on various subjects, such as "The Victoria Cross," "Great British Victories," &c., illustrated by magic-lantern views; besides which, during the last winter, a series of penny readings (without the pennies) were begun and carried on with great success, the soldiers taking an active part in both the readings and songs, and crowding the room on nearly every occasion to the very door.

And now for a brief outline of a cavalry soldier's day. Up at 5-30 a.m. Washed, dressed, bed made up, and down in the barrack yard to answer to his name by 5-45. Listens to the orders of the day, and learns what is before him. Off to stables to look after his horse. It is seven o'clock before the stable is cleared, the horses groomed and fed, and the officer been round, and declared all to be right and in order. Then breakfast and breathing time. It is a field-day we will suppose. Our soldier must give a general polish to helmet, sword, belt and buckle—a general rubbing and brushing to tunic, trousers, and boots. Woe be to him if the eye of sergeant, or captain, or, worst of all, colonel, (and he has to pass muster before all three), discovers a speck of rust or dirt, a hair's breadth of belt or strap awry. He must perform the same kind offices for his horse. Bridle and saddle, holster and housing stirrup, and curb—all must be clean and bright and spotless. Horse and man completely equipped, must turn out at 8-30 in full marching order, ready for the colonel when he comes on parade at 9. There is a final inspection and a little preliminary manœuvering by the great man, and then the regiment marches out to the drill ground at Old Trafford, and our soldier with it. Don't think it any joke that morning's marching, and wheeling and charging, and perpetual motion under, very probably, a blazing sun; choked up in a tight tunic, and with a heavy brass helmet on. Try it yourselves, and see how you like it.

It is one o'clock before the regiment gets back into barracks. Our soldier must water and feed his horse, and then he may dine. Three quarters of a pound of meat and a pound of vegetables. Be sure there is not much left! Then, perhaps, he has a glass of beer at the canteen—but, hallo! it is two o'clock and that everlasting horse must be properly rubbed down and curry-combed, and goodness knows what; and saddle and bridle, and bit and curb must all be seen to, and brushed and polished—two hours good work, and then another inspection by the officer, and our idle (?) soldier is dismissed to his quarters. But not exactly to rest. There are all his accoutrements—belt, sword, carbine, helmet, to be brought back to their pristine purity. When he has finished, it is five o'clock—tea time. Our soldier supplements the regulation tea and ration bread with a little butter and a herring from the canteen, and chats and smokes till 5-45. Then, at it again! He answers to his name at muster roll, and goes into stables for the third and last time. Horse's

bed to be shaken down; stable made all right for the night. Seven o'clock! Stable duty over. Our friend is free at last. The time is his own for two hours and three quarters. Then at 9-45 "First Post" sounds. Into quarters and off with clothes! Ten o'clock "Second Post," and our idle luxurious friend is between the blankets.

But suppose it is not a field-day. Then our soldier exercises his horse from 2 till 10-30 a.m.; has stable duty from 10-45 a.m. till 1 p.m.; and dismounted drill, *i.e.*, infantry parade, from 3 to 4, or 4-30 p.m. All other arrangements the same. One day out of seven or eight, he is on guard for twenty-four hours. One Saturday their is a general inspection of his kit; on the next a similar inspection of his horse's appointments. He is continually turned into a Gibeonite—a drawer of water and of coal. Then there is the Riding School, where he is tortured every now and again by his ancient enemy the Riding Master. Besides all which he is perhaps, sergeant's man, or orderly, or—well, never mind, we have said enough. Our space is exhausted, though our subject is not. The moral of it all is, that the cavalry soldier is a "working man," and to be respected by the Manchester public accordingly.

THE POLICE ARE—NOWHERE.

FOUR months ago, Mr. Alfred Aspland (Dukinfield), asked where the Manchester Police were. The Watch Committee were very sorry, but they really didn't know. They appointed a Sub-committee to make inquiries. The Sub-committee, feeling that their search would probably involve a rather long journey, spent a considerable period in taking an affecting leave of their wives and families, before starting on their mission; but ultimately went off—with the following report.

The charges which have been laid upon your Sub-committee may be briefly stated to be—two: firstly, to abuse Mr. Aspland; secondly, to shirk the subject. Your Sub-committee have, to satisfy the first purpose of their appointment, deemed it desirable to begin their report by insinuating that Mr. Aspland has falsified his figures. They, therefore—having carefully gone over every single one he has published, in the hope of finding a column added up wrong somewhere, or a small mistake in subtraction somewhere else, but having conspicuously failed to find the slightest slip anywhere—begin by asserting that they assume the numerous figures quoted by Mr. Aspland are accurately given. For the fulfilment of the second purpose of their appointment, your Sub-committee desire to call your attention to the fact that the Recorder of Birmingham once said that what was one thing in one place was another in another; that Mr. R. Fowler quite agreed with him; and that those two are as good as Mr. Aspland any day—the stakes to be deposited with the editor of *Bell's Life*. As Mr. Aspland admits and allows for what is one thing in one place being another in another, your Sub-committee perceives that their last sentence will not bear analysis; but, as it reads rude, they have thought that they would not be performing the second duty entrusted to them, if they did not put it in.

Your Sub-committee feel that the time has now arrived for them to make a flat assertion of their own. They, therefore, take this opportunity of stating that they have shown the foundation upon which Mr. Aspland's charges are based to be untenable, and the evidence by which he seeks to support them, valueless; and your Sub-committee flatter themselves that they have made a statement which for flatness, groundlessness, and utter unjustifiableness could not be surpassed, and that they have merited your gratitude for having directed your attention to a fact which you might perhaps not otherwise have perceived.

Your Sub-committee felt that they would not be doing the duty which they owed to themselves, if they did not get a nice little excursion out of this inquiry. Liverpool happened to be the place, of the places mentioned, which was most agreeable to their taste; and Liverpool—by a strange coincidence—happened to be the very place to which their mission most loudly called them. Your Sub-committee went to Liverpool, and you will be glad to hear a very jolly day your Sub-committee made of it. Major Greig was most polite; Major Greig was most sociable. Your Sub-committee felt strongly that it was of the first importance to get Major Greig in a good-humour. Your Sub-committee, accordingly, entertained Major Greig; and your Sub-committee, in conjunction with Major Greig, ultimately came to the conclusion—not without much deliberation and innumerable experiments—that the best liquor for this sort of weather—hem! that what was one thing in one place was another in another.

Your Sub-committee feel that, in order to counteract the effect of the social details into which your Sub-committee have just entered—but into which they entered much more fully on the original occasion—a little soda-water, that is to say, a little dry quotation, is advisable. They, therefore, append a long extract from one of Captain Palin's Reports, wherein that theives' terror luminously and exhaustively demonstrates a fact to which your Sub-committee believe they have already had occasion to refer—the fact that what is one thing in one place is another in another.

Your Sub-committee think that they may now venture to return to matters at once more convivial and more congenial to their feelings. They have much gratification in being able to state that after dinner—at a somewhat late period of the evening—they succeeded in inducing Major Greig to admit that, if one and one made three, at a certain season of the year, and under certain conditions, two and two might possibly make five.

It seems to your Sub-committee unnecessary to inquire whether or not the indictable offences, as shown from the judicial statistics quoted by Mr. Aspland, correctly represent the actual amount of crime or the number of offences committed—because that is the very pith of the matter, and therefore does not come under either of the objects for which your Sub-committee was appointed. Your Sub-committee think that it is much safer to abuse Mr. Aspland a little, and indulge in a few vague generalities. They, therefore say that Mr. Aspland has carefully withheld from the public a particular line which he could not possibly have inserted in his general tables; and your Sub-committee declare that they might just as well argue one thing from one instance as Mr. Aspland the other thing from a hundred instances,—in effect, that the exception is just as good as the rule, and a great deal better.

In conclusion, your Sub-committee, after a most careful investigation, are satisfied of a fact which they really forget whether or not they have alluded to before, but which is—that what is one thing in one place is another in another. They also are satisfied that there is no means of comparing Manchester with other towns; and that, having by that means compared it, it is superior to all. There is never a robbery attempted that is not frustrated, and never a thief detected that is not caught. If no thieves are caught, it is because there are none to catch. Lastly, if your Sub-committee are more certain of anything than that what is one thing in one place is another in another, it is—that Mr. Alfred Aspland is a meddling nuisance.

A LAY OF SUMMER.

Oh, Season salubrious!
How often with pain,
In Winter and Spring, we
Have longed for thy reign:

Oh! why, now thou'rt here, keep
Thy rains on the shelf,
And leave us poor mortals
As dry as thyself?

Come, drop them and mizzle!
Nor further provoke
Those who cannot see fun in
This very dry joke.

So scorching the air which
No faint zephyr wafts,
That even teetotallers
Are longing for draughts;

And topers complain that
No coolness they win,
Except by applying them
Outside and in.

The perspiring baker
Would scarce be a fool,
To step now and then
In his oven to cool.

And Molly, the cook, might
Declare 'twas no use
To work while the sun was
A-cooking her goose!

But I am grown husky
And cannot more sing—
Oh, this may be Summer
But give me a *spring*!

LONDON CRITICS ON MANCHESTER ARTISTS.

ONE of the *Sphinx* writers has already described at length the principal works of the "Manchester Artists in London," as exhibited at the various galleries this year; but it will be of interest to our readers to learn how far his opinions are supported by the critics of the metropolitan press, and we have therefore selected a few notes from three of the principal journals. With the exception of Mr. C. E. Johnson's picture, which is hung on the walls of the Royal Academy, these notes have reference only to the Exhibitions of the Water Colour Societies.

[FROM THE TIMES.]

A remarkable drawing by a new member of the Old Water Colour Society is F. Powell's "Mull of Cantire," a foam-mottled sea reflecting the gleams of a stormy sunset, and breaking on bold and broken cliffs.

Mr. Shields is happier this year in his smaller drawing, "The Nautilus," where the girl's figure is sweet and graceful, than in his large head called "Rachael," which is harsh and laboured.

Among members of the Society whose drawings this year are of exceptional merit, in comparison with the usual work of the painter, we may particularize Mr. Whittaker, whom we never remember more powerful than in three large drawings, Siabod-flats, a Welsh Torrent, and a coast scene near Cullercoats, the first sea subject by him we remember to have seen, and, therefore, to be specially noticed as the work of one who has hitherto confined himself with dangerous exclusiveness to Welsh moor, torrent, and mountain.

Basil Bradley's large composition of a "Sussex ox-team ploughing" has considerable merit; the distant landscape in particular is beautifully painted; but it seems to us a fault in the picture that the spectator's eye is not sufficiently led to the principal subject. The horse in light near the foreground and the details of the cloddy furrows distract attention from the oxen.

[FROM THE SPECTATOR.]

Welsh landscape is well represented by Mr. Danby and Mr. Whittaker. The former is all for stillness and serenity, the latter for squall and motion. Each is excellent in his way, and the pure sunshine of a calm summer morning in Mr. Danby's picture, is well suited to take its turn of admiration with Mr. Whittaker's "Mountain Torrent" tossing and fretting over its rocky channel. [Mr. Danby is not a Manchester artist.]

One of the more remarkable pictures of the year is Mr. F. Powell's "Mull of Cantire." About this iron headland contending tides are always racing, and Mr. Powell has painted with lively truth the jabble of water which thence ensues, and which, with squally sky overhead, threatens an uneasy time to the unlucky voyager. Those great purple clouds sweeping up from the west at sunset portend a rough night. The spirit of the time, the weather, and the place is seized without hesitation, and vigorously expressed with a rich palette. There are other sea pieces by other artists, but no one of them has character enough to impress itself on the memory.

Among the younger exhibitors it is gratifying to note (after Mr. Powell) a decided advance on the part of Mr. Bradley, whose team of black oxen harrowing a ploughed field on some Sussex upland is the best picture he has exhibited. The oxen are capitally drawn, not only from the cold anatomical point of view, but so as to indicate life and power of motion, together with the rolling gait peculiar to the animal.

[FROM THE SATURDAY REVIEW.]

The most perfect landscape in the Academy seems to us to be Mr. C. E. Johnson's Loch Eil, Showery Weather. There can be no question now that Mr. Johnson is one of the most accomplished modern masters of landscape; he has proved it so often that the critic must be blind or captious indeed who would not willingly take off his hat, as it were, to this remarkable painter, and salute him with the respect due to genius and perseverance. This picture is full of the truest feeling for Highland scenery—for dark shadows on the cloud-capped streaming hills, for rich foreground of blooming heather, for brown peat-stained rivulet, and silver glitter of the broad unquiet lake. What land on earth has such colour as the Highlands, or such powerful effects of shade, such glory of sunshine on wet gold and purple against such dark depths of gloom?

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,
No troublesome beadle is near him;
The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
And little Pat trembles to hear him;

A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,
Who never knew parent or duty,
His head is uncover'd, his jacket is torn,
And hunger has withered his beauty.

The white-headed gentleman shut in the box,
Seems growing more angry each minute;
He doubles his fist and the cushion he knocks,
As if anxious to know what is in it.

He scolds at the people who sit in the pews—
Pat takes them for kings and princesses;
(With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes:
In his rags he feels proud of their dresses!)

The parson exhorts them to think of their need,
To turn from the world's dissipation,
The naked to clothe, and the hungry to feed,—
Pat listens with strong approbation!

And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
Pat runs up to meet him right gladly,
"Shure, give me my dinner!" says he with a smile,
"And a jacket, I want them quite badly."

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,
The beadle gets word of the danger,
And shaking his silver-tipp'd stick in the air,
Looks knives at the poor little stranger.

But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
And cries—who so willing to cry it?
"You'll give me my dinner—I'm such a poor boy:
You said so—now don't you deny it."

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,
And growl about robbers and arson;
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
And smiles at the white-headed parson!

The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
And whisper he wants better teaching;
But the white-headed parson looks tenderly down
On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
As eager as Patsy to press on,
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pa thinks the same)
Is the moral that lies in the lesson.

And after long years, when Pat, handsomely drest—
A smart footman—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best?
He says, "Och! shure, the master's ould sermin!"

Poems written for a Child.

WIT, said Bishop Horne, should excite an appetite, not provoke disgust. Wit, without wisdom, is salt without meat; and that is but a comfortless dish to set a hungry man down to. Wit, employed to disguise or prejudice truth, is salt thrown into a man's eyes.

LAUGHTER.—How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting, barren simper; in the smile of others lies the cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and sniggle from the throat outwards, or at least produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool: of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his own whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle.*

THE QUEEN AT HOME.

THE recently-published memoirs of Baron Bunsen, who for many years was the Prussian ambassador in England, contains several pleasant pictures of the private life of the Queen and the royal family, with whom M. Bunsen was a great favourite. We subjoin a few of the most interesting passages, selected from various parts of the book:—

Dec. 28, 1841.—I am at Windsor Castle; never was a reception more distinguished than I have here met with. I had my audience at eight o'clock, just before dinner: I was directed to conduct the Duchess of Kent to the place opposite the Queen, and then to place myself at the Queen's right hand. I had been told by Brunow that I had no choice of a place but by the side of the Duchess or Prince Albert. In obeying the Queen's command I thought of what the Popes say when receiving peculiar honour—"Non mihi sed Petro," "Not to me is this offered but to St. Peter," well aware that it is the King's present high position which has raised mine; wherefore I can really enjoy it much. The Queen is quite different from the representation I had heard of her—speaking with much animation, encouraging conversation, relishing fun. We passed a cheerful evening. In playing at cards with the Queen I won a NEW SHILLING of Her Majesty's especial coin, which Fanny shall have to keep.

I can assure you that I never passed a more quiet and truly satisfactory evening in London than the last in the Queen's house, in the midst of the excitement of the season. The Queen gives hours daily to the labour of examining into the claims of the numberless petitions addressed to her, among other duties to which her time of privacy is devoted.

Windsor Castle, Sept. 25, 1846.—I arrived here yesterday at six, and at eight o'clock all followed the Queen in to dinner in the great hall hung round with the Waterloo portraits. The band, so placed as to be invisible, played exquisitely, so that what with the fine proportions of the hall and the well-subdued light, and the splendour of the plate and decorations, the scene was such as fairy tales present; and Lady Canning, Miss Dawson, and Miss Stanley were beautiful enough to personate the ideal attendants of an ideal court. The Queen looked well and *rayonnante*, with that expression which she always has when thoroughly pleased with all that occupies her mind, which you know I always observe with delight, as fraught with that truth and reality which so essentially belong to her character, and so strongly distinguish her countenance, in all its changes, from the FIXED MASK, only too common in the Royal rank of society.

We all spoke German, and the Princess Royal, by the desire of the Queen, read a fable out of one of the books perfectly well. The Queen often spoke with me about education, and, in particular, of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a good deal.

In the morning I accompanied the Royal party to the terrace to see the troops, who fired a *feu de joie* in honour of the Prince of Wales, who enjoyed it much, in extreme seriousness, and returned duly, by a military salute, the salutation he received as the colours passed. I inquired of Prince Albert whether he had formed any idea as yet of his position at this early age (five years.) He told me that last month, in travelling through Cornwall, he had asked for an explanation of the cheers accompanying the cry of 'The Duke of Cornwall for ever!' when Prince Albert informed him that there had been long ago a great and good Prince of Wales called the Black Prince, who was also Duke of Cornwall, and he had been so beloved and admired that people had not forgotten him; and it ought to teach him to emulate the merits of that

great Prince in order to be equally beloved and remembered.

Osborne, 1849.—It is at Osborne House that the Queen more especially feels herself at home; she there enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart's content. She walks out in the beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds to her heart's content, in the prospect of the sea and the proud men-of-war of Great Britain, in the midst of a quiet rural population. I sat near the Prince of Wales, and behind the two eldest Princesses; they all spoke German like their native tongue, even to one another. The heir-apparent has gained in appearance and strength, and has a pleasing countenance.

The Queen has been very gracious; she made me write her name and my own in the first volume of *Hippolytus*, and made me a present of three beautiful prints, after Winterhalter, of Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, and Prince Arthur. Then I have passed two hours with the Prince this morning, one hour with the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore, two with the Princess of Hohenlohe. Prince Albert had been much amused by a long visit received, when at Edinburgh, from a Roman prince, dwelling with much emphasis upon the Queen's evident leaning (?) towards Roman Catholicism in spite of the persecution (?). The Prince let him speak on, and then gave him strongly to understand a piece of his mind as to Romanism in general, and his and the Queen's opinion of it in particular.

I had a visit from——; very full of accounts received from the Welsh nurse of Prince Arthur, who is the wife of a mason at Rhyl, in Flintshire, and wound up her abundant details and observations upon Court life with the expression, "that the Queen was a *good woman*, quite fit to have been a poor man's wife as well as a Queen." Such a compliment has not often been paid or deserved; it showed the woman's conviction of the Queen's intrinsic merit, sense of duty, and activity in all things. She also made the remark that the Royal children were "kept very plain indeed—it was quite poor living—only a bit of roast meat and perhaps a plain pudding."

I should best have liked to have had your children with us to see what I saw that evening between five and six o'clock, when we were allowed to follow the Queen and Prince Albert a long way, through one large room after another, till we came to one where hung a red curtain, which was presently drawn aside for a representation of the four seasons, studied and contrived by the Royal children as a surprise to the Queen in celebration of the day (anniversary of the Queen's marriage). First appeared Princess Alice as the Spring, scattering flowers and reciting verses, which were taken from Thomson's *Seasons*. She moved gracefully, and spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner, with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice sweet and penetrating like that of the Queen. Then the curtain was drawn and the scene changed, and the Princess Royal represented Summer, with Prince Arthur stretched upon the sheaves, as if tired with the heat and harvest work; another change, and Prince Alfred, with a crown of vine leaves and the skin of a panther, represented Autumn, looking very well. Then followed a change to a winter landscape, and the Prince of Wales represented Winter, with a cloak covered with icicles (or what seemed such), and the Princess Louise, a charming little muffled-up figure, busy keeping up a fire, the Prince reciting (as all had done) passages more or less modified from Thomson. Then followed the last change, when all the Seasons were grouped together, and, far behind, on a height, appeared Princess Helena, with a long white veil hanging on both sides down to her feet, holding a long cross, and pronouncing a blessing on the Queen and the Prince. The Princess Helena looked very charming. This was the close; but, by command of the Queen, the curtain was again withdrawn, and we saw the whole Royal family together, who came down from their raised platform; also the baby, Prince Leopold, was carried in by his nurse, and looked at us all with big eyes, stretching out his arms to be taken by the Prince Consort.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah, still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight:
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand:
The double Castles guard the wings:
The Bishop bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.
Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me! the little battle's done,
Disperst is all its chivalry;
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid Life's perplexing chequers made,
And many a game with Fortune play'd,—
What is it we have won?
This, this at least—if this alone;—
That never, never, never more,
As in these old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we play'd, together!

Owen Meredith.

LEISURE.—Leisure is gone—gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack-horses, and the slow waggons, and the pedlars who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons. Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them: it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in. Even idleness is eager now—eager for amusement: prone to excursion-trains, art-museums, periodical literature, and exciting novels: prone even to scientific theorising, and cursory peeps through microscopes. Old Leisure was quite a different personage: he only read one newspaper, innocent of leaders, and was free from that periodicity of sensations which we call post-time. He was a contemplative, rather stout gentleman, of excellent digestion,—of quiet perceptions, undiseased by hypothesis: happy in his inability to know the causes of things, preferring the things themselves. He lived chiefly in the country, among pleasant seats and homesteads, and was fond of sauntering by the fruit-tree wall, and scenting the apricots when they were warmed by the morning sunshine, or of sheltering himself under the orchard boughs at noon, when the summer pears were falling. He knew nothing of week-day services, and thought none the worse of the Sunday sermon, if it allowed him to sleep from the text to the blessing—liking the afternoon service best, because the prayers were the shortest, and not ashamed to say so; for he had an easy, jolly conscience, broad-backed like himself, and able to carry a great deal of beer or port-wine—not being made squeamish by doubts and qualms and lofty aspirations. Life was not a task to him, but a sinecure: he fingered the guineas in his pocket, and ate his dinners, and slept the sleep of the irresponsible: for had not he kept up his charter by going to church on the Sunday afternoons?—*Adam Bede.*

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WIT AND HUMOUR.

A fashionable Irish lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shopkeeper remarking that it went thirty-six hours. "What in one day?" she asked.

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."

Lady Wallace, overtaking a gentleman of her acquaintance who was walking along in a thoughtful mood, slapped him on the back, and cried out, "Pray, sir, can you tell me how old I am?" "Madam," replied he, turning round, "I cannot be very exact, but you certainly have not arrived at years of discretion."

In reply to the compliment, "I'd give a world for her fingers," paid by a gentleman in the hearing of a brilliant lady pianist of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, she retorted, "You may have the whole hand for your own."

A buffoon at the Court of Francis I. complained to the King that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish," replied the complainant, "your Majesty would hang him five minutes before."

A Welsh clergyman applied to his diocesan for a living. The bishop promised him one; but, as he was taking leave, he expressed a hope that his lordship would not send him into the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, sir?" said the bishop. "What has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she?" "No, my lord," said the parson, "but she lectures."

A commander who has been engaged for many years in the survey of the Irish coast was lately examined before the select committee on the fisheries of Ireland. He stated that the quantity of fish in the sea was so vast and unlimited that all the art of man directed to its capture would have no appreciable effect in diminishing the quantity. "Indeed," added the gallant officer, "if you could take every fish you could catch out of it, I don't think there would be one less in it."

The credit-system has been carried to a pretty fine point in some of the rural districts of America, if we may judge from the following dialogue, said to have occurred between a customer and the proprietor: "How's trade, squire?" "Well, cash-trade's kinder dull neow, major." "Dun anything yesterday?" "Well, only a little—on credit. Aunt Betsy Pushall has bort an egg's worth of tea, and got trusted for it till her speckled pullet lays."

A worthy minister of Fintray had a factotum whose notions of asking special blessings were very limited. On one occasion he wanted some stones, and thought a number lying on a piece of fallow ground belonging to the glebe would suit him. Having got the minister's permission to take them, John yoked the cart, but the ground was too soft for man and beast. The minister, seeing the quandary John was in, advised him "to offer up a prayer for frost." Next day (by chance) there was a severe frost, and John was busy at work. The minister happened to pass, and observing his man actively engaged, remarked to him, "Well, John, your prayer has been heard." John's reply was at least candid. "Emph! Wheel, sir, it wad need; it's nae aften I seek a favour."

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And if he stand on hostage for "this safety," let him demand what pledge will please him best.—*Shakespere.*

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PITY the sorrows of a left-off suit,
In exile doomed its days to linger out;
Once I was new and handsome, I suppose,
Or by my patron I had not been chose.
But now that I am old and threadbare grown,
I, as you see, by him aside am thrown.
Well, be it so! one thing full well I know,
To him most certainly I nothing owe,
And if I to another must give place,
To me it really can be no disgrace,
I've served him well he cannot but admit,
And so with honour can his service quit,
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This much that I have earned a honest name,
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